



## Burnt Cinders



👁 34 ✓ 6 ★ 6

### Chapter 1 by Maxwell White

She watched as the flames from her house surrounded her vision.

Everything that she ever knew was, like the embers rising through the air, riding it away into the distance.

Her childhood, gone in those flames. Memories and possessions that she could find when the fire began. It was gone, forever.

The only possessions she carried with her in her bag.

Her books on spell casting, her crystal and the small leather bound book that carried her photographs of family, friends and even her cat.

"speaking of cats," she thought. "Where is he?"

The cat in question was called Panther, because he was black all over like coal, except for his bright blue eyes that shone like the stars in the sky. He has been known to go off out at night for days, even despite the rain.

"Well, i suppose i should find him then." And she immediately left the burning house of her parents behind her and headed to the main square of the town

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Chapter 2 by

When she reached the town square, it was not the usual  
smoking of pork or baking of bread that she smelled. It was

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It was not the usual  
smoking of pork or baking of bread that she smelled. It was

But rather it was something unusual, unfamiliar. Like an incense of sorts, but not quite.

In an instant, the buildings surrounding here burst into flames. They exploded into hundreds of broken bricks. The market square erupted into shouts and cries as people fled in all directions.

I stood there dumbfounded. Looking about me as the town came down around me like a cement avalanche.

And then I saw Panther.

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